

# Newport



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## Poetry.

From the *Presbyterian*.  
OLD MAN.

BY REV. T. HEMPTON.

Max had watched the bursting leaves,  
heard the swallows around the eaves,  
And seen the ripened ears,  
rustling sheaves of the autumn grain,  
kindling grass and the balmy rale  
Of more than seventy years.

Heart was soft, and his soul overflowed  
With gentle thoughts, and though the road  
Of life was rugged and steep,

Wiles were ever wavy around,

Under the thistles a and said he found  
Some delicate sheaves to reap.

I loved the golden human face,  
trustful smile and the artless grace

Of the simple and artless child,

Ends and sweet unyielded words

As the dawning hours and the early birds,

And the bairn where the violet smiled,

He leaned to his staff and tottered now,

His aged looks were a tuft of snow

On a simple and blotted slate,

Wear was dull and his eye was dim,

The garnished clouds, to him

Were drawn in a silver smoke,

Midsummer green was on the hills,

Midsummer heat was on the rills,

That slept in its smile and dreamed;

Through the vines and the door,

Over the wall and seeded floor,

A wave of motion and golden ore,

The banner of Morning streamed

Max sat down by the cottage door,

Whi' windblown tangled and braided o'er,

And a shadow upon him stirs,

Wing of a bairn, present sleep,

A shudder soft, far-seeping and deep,

Went rustling through his soul,

Woke--"Come bairn, good wife, I pray,"

said, "what a vision I had to day!

Come, draw your chair to mine,

Bear my strange and beauteous dream--

beautiful that its pictures seem

All bathed in a glow divine,

Many a pleasant dream I've had,

Some were fearful and some were sad,

And woe to me to sub and pray;

Never had a dream so bright,

Blushed in a rushing and blazing light,

As the vi to that came to day,

As a calm, sweet hour like this,

rosy air ran o'er with the bliss

Of the long, the birds and sky,

hills had a youthful and silvery light,

blossomy gods a spirit's flight,

As it added and wailed by,

My hay'e in a moment rose,

And glori and gloomy, and grim and close,

A wall that cut the Heaven,

Midway opened a shadowy gate,

frowning, mouldy and strong and great,

Like a rock by earthquake riven,

And one drew night with a safty look,

As look as fair as an open book,

As fair as the face of a running brook,

And bade me follow on,

With the stars and stars;

Wau'ld be filled with a softer moon,

And the hands of a brighter moon.

Were blushing their silver bars,

meth's fairest things were gathered there,

and the tongue of Christ nor by lone John

In the Patmian Isle were seen,

the strength and the gorgeous symmetry,

the beauty of cloud and bloom of tree,

And the splendor of living green.

A wind blew out of the rosy hills,

And spangled the plains, theoughs and rills,

With fiery, musical gold;

But the kiss of the heavenly dove,

gave the glory upon the vale,

With the sound and the golden gleam;

the things I saw no art hath shown,

thought none but the wise known,

the tongue of Christ nor by lone John

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